

Northern Lights

To-night some giant artist's hand
 Has dipped it's brush into the
 Ecstasy of Wagnerian music
 And splashed it on the
 Eternities of light and
 Interstellar shadow we call
 Sky.
 And there this rare pigment
 Lives, and breathes
 Celestial air
 Stretching out its fingers
 In pulsating awful waves
 As if to cradle within
 Its grasp the
 Centuries of deep overwhelming
 Awe and wonder
 Which have drifted heavenward
 From the infinitesimal
 Beings who have stood
 Transfixed
 Below.

- Elizabeth Wardley

Thoughts After Seeing the Carnival

It was not because he did not work that The Man did not gain wealth. No, for morning, noon, and night he toiled in the fields, under the scorching sun, under the driving rain, or bending before the biting wind. The Man's neighbours worked too, but none were rich.

The Woman too did her labour. Food must be prepared, skins made into clothing, fires built, and the children taught how to live efficiently and acceptably. The Man, The Woman, and The Children had shelter, bed and food, and were happy.

The Man became restless and impatient. Why should he toil and slave, like the very ants and worms he turned up daily in his fields? Long hours, while his fellow men worked, The Man sat apart, and thought deep thoughts. Gradually a smile of triumph passed over his face, then leaping up, he danced for the sheer joy he felt in his Great Idea.

The scorching sun, the driving rain, the biting wind no longer pitted their strength against The Man's, trying daily to defeat him in his work. Now The Man and his neighbours danced and sang in fine weather, sat at home and thought more thoughts when the weather was bad. For The Man had invented Machinery to do his work. More and more The Man thought, more and more his neighbours thought, and faster and faster machinery was produced to do the work of man, and more and more work was found to keep it busy. Unceasing, untiringly, the iron and steel did the work. The Man laughed in his new-found leisure.

Discontent and unhappiness brooded over the land. The Man and his fellow men stood idle, dull, and grumbling. The Machinery drove and turned and clanged from morning until night. Faster and faster the wheels turned, the hammers pounded, the pistons drove. More and more helpless, The Man stood off and gazed at this monster he had made to do his work. Now no work was left for The Man, no opportunity to earn the paper and the silver which the Machine had made a necessity in life. The Man was now very often homeless, very often hungry, and very often cold. His bitter brooding turned to action against the creature of his invention, but his puny strength was as nothing against the iron sides of the machinery which now was Master. Illness, hunger,

cold, had their effect on The Man, and he changed now from the stalwart being he had been to a weakened creature, fearful of the Machinery, fearful of the natural world, above all fearful of himself. With an effort The Man sat apart and thought again. The need was obvious.

The Man needed a machine over which he would have control: a machine which would never get the upper hand: a machine which would give Man opportunity to use his body and his brain, opportunity to show his skill, his ingenuity, opportunity to feel once more the exhilaration of success and mastery, to satisfy the urge to create for himself things of beauty and of grace. Man must conquer space, but in the conquest must keep his personality and his abilities unharmed. This machine must be The Man's tool to greater freedom and greater expression: must be a weapon with which The Man could fight all the dangers of excess leisure time: a machine, in short, through which The Man could once again find physical expression for his innate love of beauty, art, and poetry.

So The Man invented figure skates.

- Marian Maynard

On Living in Residence

Residence life is all very fine
If you're darn clever so therefore have time
to live!

Where's Winn? We want her to play
We want to sing ---- oh say
Is she asleep -----again?

Telephone's ringing! Who's it for?
Plaunt? Brown? --they look unconcerned but rush for the door--
Baalim!

Brown get off the phone!
We can tell by your tone
It's Jim!

I'm expecting a phone call (?)
Three minutes is the limit, that's all ---
You're allowed!

Sign in! Put back your key!
Turn your tag over and be sure to see
What this clock says!

Juniors! What's all this noise about?
It's after eleven ---- oh its food!
Who'll crack me a nut?

Ten-thirty girls! From Quancy our president
Now don't you see what it's like to be a resident
Of 186 St. George?

- Dorothy Laidlaw

Dear Students:

It has been a puzzle to me to know what to write for "Mes Amies", and while I have decided on a letter, it is not to be a model letter of application, but a friendly letter, like one an old-maid aunt would write to her nieces!

Did you ever wonder how your averages are made up? Perhaps you will be interested to know that we have a "weighting system". Subjects in which you have classes for two or three hours a week are considered more important than those you take for only one hour weekly and therefore are given a greater value in the general scheme of marks. In Group I are put such things as Lacrosse, Baseball, and other subjects that you take for short seasonal periods; in Group II are Archery, Folk Dancing, Tennis, - all subjects that you take for at least fifteen hours a term; and in Group III are the subjects that come several times a week for the whole term such as Anatomy, English, Gymnastics. The total number of marks in Group I is multiplied by one, the total in Group II by two and in Group III by three, and the resulting numbers are added together to make a grand total. Then the total number of subjects in Group I is multiplied by one, in Group II by two, in Group III by three. These added together give the total value of the subjects, which divided into the grand total of "weighted" marks gives us your average, either in theory or practice.

Years ago one of the graduating classes left me in their last Will and Testament, an adding machine that always added to one hundred, a very comfortable sort of machine to have in a school! The same class in their prophecy sent me on an ocean voyage when for most of the time I could be heard moaning and groaning in my stateroom, muttering, "jobs! where are there any jobs?" Remembering all this set me to thinking about the connection between averages and positions, between Groups I and II and III and that post you should get in the Y.M.C.A. or some private school. I thought of all the things we as a staff take into consideration when we are choosing those we would recommend for a position, and I saw these different characteristics as a new set of "subjects" for the three groups, which when averaged together make the you that gets the job. You must be a good teacher of course, but there are other important traits as the staff sees them. Although they all seem to belong to Group III, the most important group, I have divided them into Groups I, II and III, as the school subjects are divided. Here they are:

Group I
Scholarship
Practical Ability
Taste in Dress
Originality

Group II
Neatness
Culture and Refinement
Executive and Leadership
Ability
Loyalty
Punctuality
Thoroughness

Group III
Health,
Character, including
Dependability
Personality
Adaptability
Co-operation
Good judgment
Sense of Humor

If you can give yourself a good mark in each of these "subjects", we will multiply by one, two or three as the case may be to make sure we are giving you the proper value in our estimate of your character and ability, and then send you out as teachers and leaders. Unless there is something wrong with our "weighting system", we know that you will always be "M.E.S. amies".

Yours with affection and regard,

Charlotte H. Layton

Bermuda

Our first stop on our Easter cruise brought us to Bermuda with only two days to explore all its wonders. Having taken the first tender from the boat to the Island we arrived at Hamilton, the middle of a sunny April morning. After walking up Main Street we hired a horse and buggy (there are no automobiles) and travelled to Elbow Beach at the other end of the Island. During this ride we saw some beautiful homes all built of stone and plastered with stucco of many different pastel shades. Over many of the walls brightly coloured creeping flowers added to the beauty. The roofs of the houses were of white limestone, grooved so that any rain which fell could be collected in a barrel placed below one corner. This rain water is used as drinking water by everyone as there are no wells. In many of the gardens there were banana and orange trees, graceful palms, various cactus plants and multi-coloured flower beds. On the way back to Hamilton we stopped at a small market at the side of the road to see many different shells and sea plants on display there. On looking these over we wished to buy some, but we were told that these could not be sold on Sunday; however they allowed us to take the shells we wished, provided we left the money on the table where they would collect it the next day. When we got back and had had our lunch several of us decided to rent some bicycles and go for a ride. We started out and were enjoying ourselves thoroughly when suddenly it began to rain. This was rather dissappointing but it was almost time to go back to the boat for the night. This first day had been marvelous but was nothing compared to our next day.

We continued our explorations early next morning by taking the excursion train from Hamilton to St. Georges. Our first stop was the station for the famous Aquarium. We had to walk quite a distance after leaving the train, but on the way we were attracted by a perfumery. When we entered we were each given a Lily stock with at least six blooms on it. We were invited to watch how the perfume was made and then were persuaded to buy some. After that we continued to our destination. The aquarium was interesting and contained almost every variety of fish. Outside there were several little penguins, a parrot and a huge turtle. Behind the aquarium we saw several people in bathing suits don diving helmets and then descend from the rocks into the ocean to explore the sea gardens. As we were pressed for time we were unable to explore the floor of the ocean but had to hurry back to the station to take the train for St. Georges. We had our lunch in the St. Georges hotel which is situated on a high hill and looks out over the ocean and then spent the earlier part of the afternoon shopping, and walking in the very beautiful park. At four o'clock the train took us back toward Hamilton stopping on the way at a station near the greatly talked about Crystal Cave. This and the Leamington cave that we saw later were more interesting to me than any other part of the trip. These are naturally formed caves of limestone stalagmites and stalactites which take all kinds of weird forms. These wonders must be seen to fully appreciate their beauty. As we drove back to the station after seeing these amazing caves we saw many indescribable fields of Easter lilies growing row on row, many at least five feet high. These were marvelous with the blue sky and green trees for background. The flowers are used by perfumers to make their many exotic perfumes. Travelling by train back to Hamilton we had many opportunities to look out over the grey cliffs at the marvellously blue ocean disappearing into the horizon. We arrived just in time to catch the tender to the boat. It was getting dark then and the stars were beginning to appear. My last memory of Bermuda was watching the full moon slowly climb the heavens over the night lights of this enchanting Island.

- Adrienne Adams

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Dr. Copp: What would you do in the case of a man bleeding from a wound in the head?
Shirley M: Put a tourniquet around his neck.

1492 And All This

Author's note: This little attempt is not original in idea. It is flagrantly a plagiarism from start to finish, stolen from a couple of clever writers, Sellais and Yeaman, who concocted the history of England known as "1066 And All That". The author humbly submits this as her impression of early Canadian History.

I. Chris Columbus

It all started in 1492 when Chris Columbus and his Knights of Columbus set foot (feet) on the shores of America. Their coming was a Good Thing as it caused America and Indians. When they set foot (feet) on the shores and Indian, Sitting Bull, got up and came forward and said, "Unaccustomed as I am to addressing Chris Columbusses, I will waste no more time and tell you you've got your nerve bustin' up our crap game. Go home and peddle your papers!"

This made Columbus mad and he pushed his nose in the air and went home and told the Queen of Spain to go sit on a barbed wire fence as he was through exploring. He lived happily ever after, telling people to sit on barbed wire fences and see how they liked it.

II. Indians

Indians were brown, sun-burned people, tall and athletic, something like niggers, only not so much so. Indians painted each other red, white, blue, and orchid and uttered loud cries known as whoops and coughs. They fought and tore each other's hair and hung it on their belts sometimes like Highlanders (see Vol. I., edition 7, "Scotland"). They originated such expressions as "bury the hatchet", e pluribus unum, "Susie Q", "Drink Coco Cola", etc. They used guns called "Bozenarrows" and killed each other whenever possible. Bozenarrows were Good Things as they killed off all the extra Indians there were and also a few harmless white people. Indians were Good Things as they killed each other and started wars and pepped up things to amuse the settlers.

III. Eskimos

There were also Eskimos, so called because they were always cold and lived around the North Pole and spoke the Eskimo language. They lived in glass houses and threw stones at each other. Whenever a glass house was broken, they made one out of blocks of ice and cooked polar bears, flying fish, and alligators, which they caught with a hook line and sinker on stoves which they called igloos, which were very warm.

IV. Jawn Cabow

Cabow was a good explorer and explored very well. He was called Cabow on account of being a mean hand with a Bownarrow and could shoot well, and often shot Indians by the peck. He shot a lot of bulls too. He reached Toronto, or rather Canada, on a Tuesday, and thus he called the first native he met Friday, and treated him like a brother. The first thing Cabow did on reaching land was to go to the nearest drug store and get a pepsi-cola. The rest of his stay was extremely foggy and not much is known about it. Cabow was a Good Thing as he helped cause Toronto, or rather Canada.

V. Jacques Cartier

Jack Cartier was born and raised in a place called St. Marshmallow. He was called Jacques Cartier because his first name was Jacques and his father's name was Cartier. One day he set sail from St. Marshmallow to go exploring, so he headed for Toronto, or rather Canada. He poked around all over the St. Lawrence looking for something. He didn't know what he was looking for but he knew he would know it when he saw it. He landed at Quebec, called after Sir Adam Beck and was greeted by the lord-mayor and an Indian called Icecreamona. He was a very good Indian in his cute little Indian way. This Indian called Canada a collection of huts, and this made Cartier very angry and he hit Icecreamona with a tomahawk (see Indians, tomahawks, etc. p.22). Jacques decided to stay for the tobogganning and the skiing, but everybody got cold and broke out with scurvy, but they drank white spruce trees and ginger beer and got well.

VI. Champlagne

Champlagne was a ginger-ale baron. He came to Toronto, or rather Canada, to explore. When he wasn't wanting to go north he was wanting to build the Welland Canal or the Tower of Pisa, or drinking French beer. He founded a colony with Dee Mawnts and built some houses in the middle of a river. This was very wet, so one day everyone got mad and forded ashore. A man called Les Garbo, with his sister Greta, came across to look after things and root colonies in the soil. He farmed and fuited about and starred in several moving pictures while Champlagne went abroad and explored. He pushed on up the river and found Quebec just where Cartier had left it. He fought Indians all the rest of his life, and fired thundersticks, whereat the Indians were sore distressed. He died of paralysis of the brain brought on by a surfeit of ginger-ale.

(Champlagne's monument as seen from a distance)

VII. Missionaries

Missionaries were people who drank their beer when nobody was looking and carried Bibles. They saved people and cigar coupons, converting the former into Christians and the latter into prizes. The Jesuits were founded by Pugnacious Victorola, an Egyptian of high rank who went about saving people and cigar coupons. Missionaries used to delight in being caught, tortured, boiled alive and eaten, thus becoming martyrs. About this time a lot of Indians took the Ole Bozenarrows out of the moth balls and commenced to twang the old bow-string and practise shooting at each other and at the poor dejected colonists who only had machine guns and cannons. Thus there was a great slaughter, massacre, etc., around Quebec. The Governor of Quebec decided to pass a few acts. The first one said:

- a. Everyone was to be in bed before the street lights came on.
- b. No Indians could twang a bow-string, a banjo string, or play a saxaphone.
- c. Anyone found dead on the streets would be shot at sun-rise with a Mexican Bownarrow.
- d. Anyone caught killing another person would be told to stop.
- e. All curb-cruisers would be hung at dawn.
- f. Missionaries should be burned at a stake, and not boiled in a pot, as boiling in a pot was unworthy of any missionary.

This was a Good Act, although nobody knew it had been passed. It was so successful that the Governor passed another one, called the Prohibition Act, which prohibited anything not already prohibited. This was good too, so they passed another one saying that the Common People should tolerate anything they had not previously tolerated. The Missionaries were Good Things as they saved people and got martyred and boiled in pots by Indians thus providing the unemployed and the Indians with free meals.

Test Paper (1492 to Missionaries)

Note: Candidates are required to answer any if not all of the questions and are to write with a pen or pencil. Do not attempt to try to write on both sides of the paper at once.

1. If it takes fifty yards of velvet to make a dinner jacket for a cow, how long will it take X to do the work of A and B in grams per sq. in.? (Be concrete).
2. How tall was the average Eskimo? (Be abstract).
3. What were the characteristics of the War of the Roses, the March of the Ten Thousand and the Big Apple?
4. Why did not Champlagne stay home and explore? (Give reasons).

5. Why did Columbus discover Biberia? (Reply stating references, salary expected etc.)
6. Where is the Gulf of Mexico? (Give reasons).
7. Who put Pussy in the Well: (Be specific and allegorical).
8. Why the heck did you read this? (Be positive).

- Margaret Allin

Stop! - Hold! - arrest your steps - ye wimmin', ye children, ye men and ye youth. Up from the mob, the dust of the struggle, arises a shining herald, and bearing the banner "Because", he marches; - that banner that stands for the life of the happy, the smiling and somewhat downtrodden young thing. But she's happy, and busy, and free from conventions (not camp conventions, we don't mean). Perhaps you have guessed whom I'm talking about - that "creature", that person, that gay little gal who procrastinates - oh horrid word!

As spokesman for one of the horde of offenders may this humble one explain our constitution:

Our motto: What's the rush, don't hurry.

Our pledge: We won't till to-morrow!

Membership requirements: A sample smile, a sample frown.

Our aims: To develop in one's roommate a great and tender patience.

To distribute confusion, with resultant calm. (If everyone did everything at once - whew!

We sleep when others work, then work when others sleep. (We admit it cheerfully). Unpleasant, you say? On the contrary, what fun; flaunt free time in the eyes of your studious sisters and then enjoy a night alone with yourself - and the creaking house - Hart House tower booms two, three, four. As an "imagination developer" it has its points.

Variety of experience, is what we need and how we get it! How dull to be prompt and have always one temper and see not the other side of the humans about us.

Consider the lilies of the field for our next point or to be more practical, the morals of the orchard. No long drawn out dignified plan of action for them. They spurt here and there and here's one where one wasn't. Thanks, mother nature, for helping us out.

Can you picture this scene? Ready one and one-half hours before a dance and garbed in shining raiment - "put" on a chair - apart - no one must touch this gentle flower - she'll muss. It's warm, though. The grease paint numbers 5, 9 and 3 are tickling and the cat has clawed...a run - oh poor beastie - temper edgy, eye baleful.

And with that cheerful scene we leave you to form your own conclusions.

And now our conclusion:

Definition - Bibliography; Oxford Dictionary, Inner precincts of cranium.

Procrastination: the action or habit of procrastinating.

the exertion of energy or appearance of delay.

the manifestations of the capacity for strenuous activity or acceptance of obstacles.

Our version: it shows that we can "take" the strenuous activities and recognize the pitfalls or we're in Physical Ed. to learn to "take it" - and can we ever, we hope. So saying we pass on with the mob, just time to make the next class if we're fast.

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Conversation between Corner and Schenky in the Library.

Ruth: They had books way back in the garden of Eden. In fact Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers.

Schenky: Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers?

Ruth: Yes, didn't they invent the loose-leaf system?

Awakening

A name - my name, seared like a brand into the depths of my thoughts. I lifted my heavy eyes from my dreary Anatomy text to the window. Outside the sun was shining its radiance into the glorious spring morning. Across the way in the park definite signs of Nature's awakening were brightening the earth with patches of colour from the flower beds and fresh green on the newly clad branches of the trees, through which the sap was now so warmly flowing. Birds were chirping happily as they flitted with businesslike precision from ground to tree, feeling a new glow of life as they built their nests. Squirrels with their shining black coats, with added zest and newborn joy whisked gaily from tree to tree, on the tender young grass which blade by blade pushed its green self through the softened surface of the creating earth.

Through my being I felt the surge of life now so fully permeating the realm - the joy of merely living, the --- with a start back to stark realism I am ruthlessly dragged by the persistent voice of the soulless, droning, "Young lady - if you are taking this lecture, take it - if not I'll see you next year."

Ah realism, realism!

- Helen Plaunt

To-day We Practise-Teach

Last night I took from out my box
A little card which caused much thought
Knock, knock - Come in - oh darn it all
Excuse me just one moment all!
Well, now that's that and now to get
Back to work and apply my pep;
Folk dance - a game or may be three
Where is that whistle, oh dear me
It was right here not seconds three;
Stockings, panties, blouse and belt.
And now my grip, "oh gosh", "oh help"
Last night it was here, nowhere can it be?
I wonder now, ah! maybe Quancie.
At last my head I may lay down
Before the night turns into dawn
But funny as it all may seem
You just will dream and dream and dream
Step, Step together, one, two, three;
I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines
And up and up and up we jump
(My goodness, its just like working a pump)
You fuss and fume and roar about
The bell, hurrah! Class march out.
Get up, get up, and stop that yawning
Oh heavens is it only morning.
My roommate with a cheery grin
Announces - Teaching, teaching's here ag'in!

- Phyllis Dean

.....

Miss W: What are you doing in the Camera Club?

Martin: Well, we had a meeting to-day to see how many girls want to develop.



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